

WART





BLACK MERMAID PRODUCTIONS

DART™

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Story

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Art

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Letters

IN COLOR
Film Separations

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Editor • Dart Creator

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Has a room is littered with used condoms and he
has no idea how they got there

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Printed in Canada.

DETROIT--1990. A SOILED
PLAYGROUND OF CRIME AND
CORRUPTION...

I'LL GET
YOU DEATH
GAZE!

HA! MY
SLUR-POWER IS
STRONGER THAN
YOUR SLUR-
POWER.

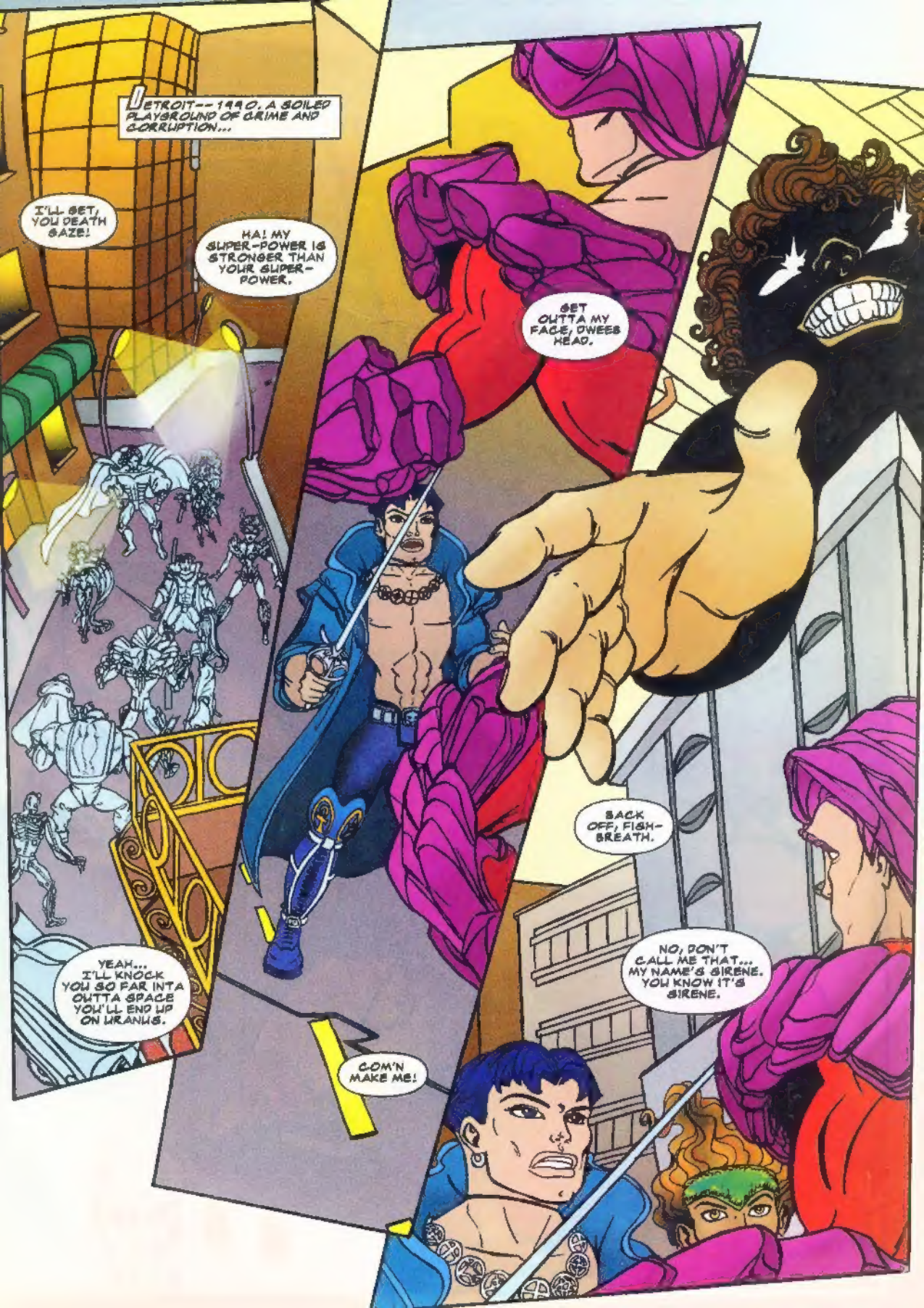
GET
OUTTA MY
FACE, DWEEB
HEAD.

BACK
OFF, FISH-
BREATH.

YEAH...
I'LL KNOCK
YOU SO FAR INTO
OUTTA SPACE
YOU'LL END UP
ON URANUS.

COM'N
MAKE ME!

NO, DON'T
CALL ME THAT...
MY NAME'S SIRENE.
YOU KNOW IT'S
SIRENE.





**BRANKA
BRANKA
BRANKA**

THOOM!

AND IN THE GALS TOYS BUILDING... VERY LITTLE IS DIFFERENT.

I'LL CUT YA GUTS OUT WITH MY SWORD.

THWACK!

GET UP HERE, DEATH GAZE, AND GET A WHIFF OF THIS.

CAN WE SWAP NOW, I'M TIRED OF BRING METEOR I WANT TO BE SHAQ.



KRANK!

WHAM!

KRAKK

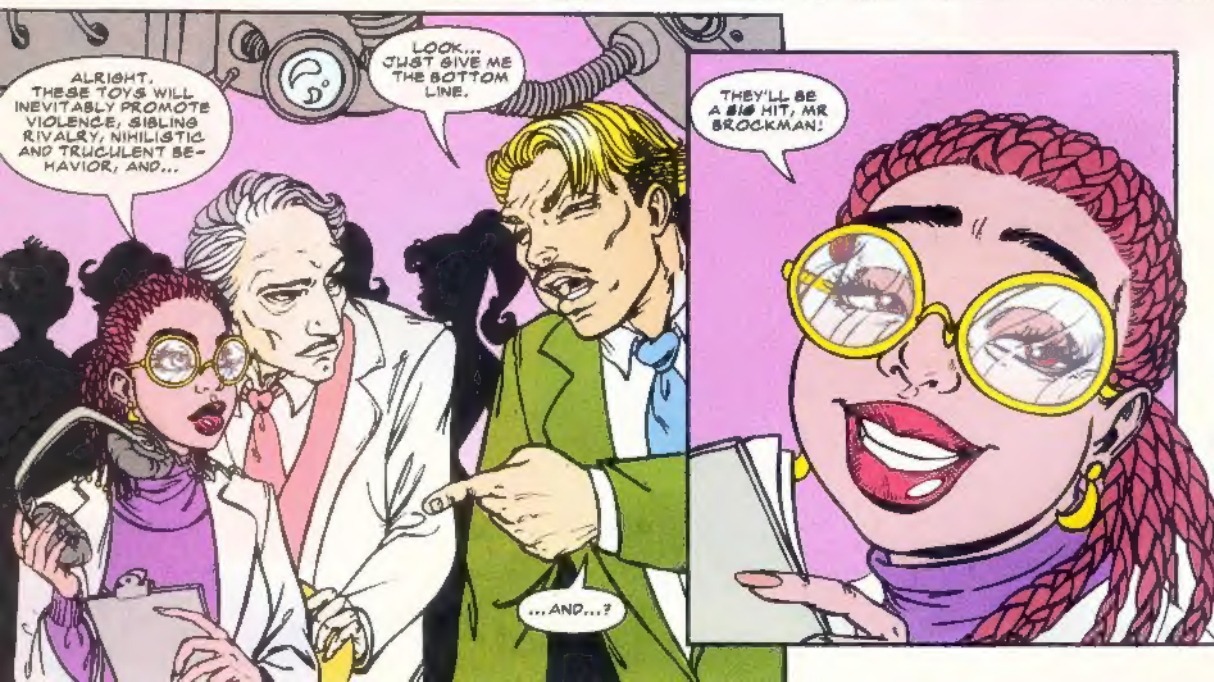
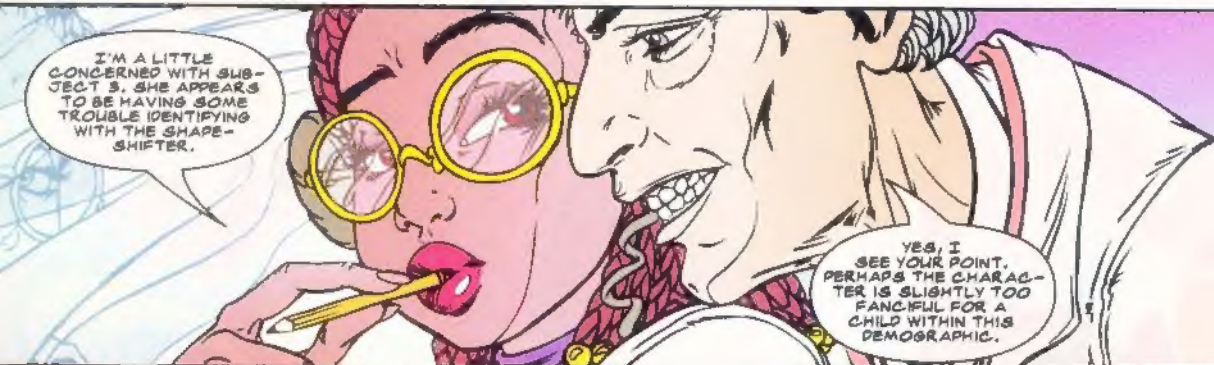
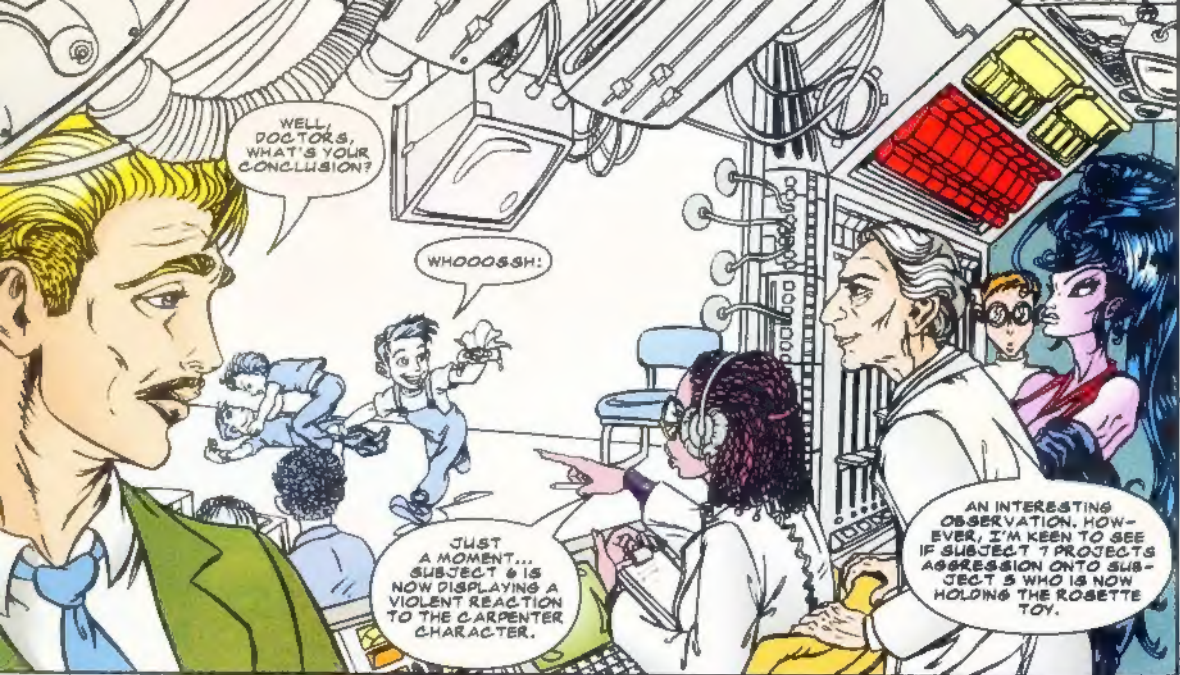
CAREFUL...
OH, YOU'VE
BROKEN HER!

IT'S
ALRIGHT...
SIRENE'S LESS
COME OFF SO
YOU CAN PUT HER
TAIL ON.

SNAP

HEY,
IF I TWIST
CARPENTER'S
HEAD AROUND FAR
ENOUGH MAYBE
IT'LL COME
OFF.

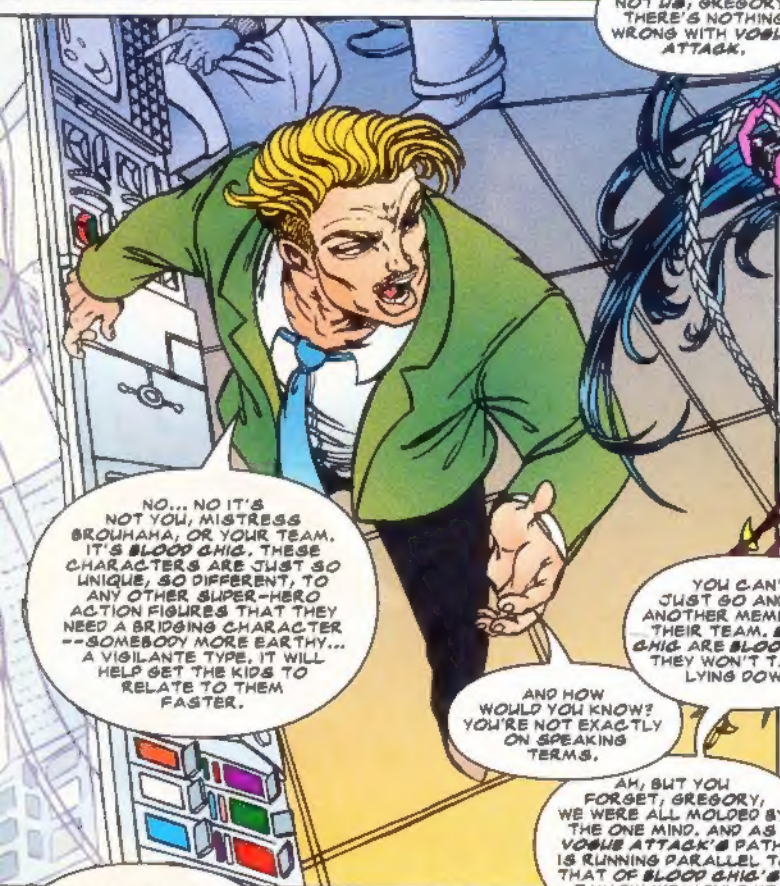
COOL...
HAVE YOU PUT
THE STRAWBERRY
SCENT INTO
ROSETTE? I WANT
HER. GIVE 'ER
TO ME.





I'M NOT SO SURE... THEY'RE GREAT TOYS BUT SOMETHING'S MISSING... SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT...

WELL, IT'S NOT US, GREGORY! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH VOQUE ATTACK.



NO... NO IT'S NOT YOU, MISTRESS BROUHAHA, OR YOUR TEAM. IT'S **BLOOD CHIG**. THESE CHARACTERS ARE JUST SO UNIQUE, SO DIFFERENT, TO ANY OTHER SUPER-HERO ACTION FIGURES THAT THEY NEED A BRIDGING CHARACTER --SOMEBODY MORE EARTHY... A VIGILANTE TYPE. IT WILL HELP GET THE KIDS TO RELATE TO THEM FASTER.

AND HOW WOULD YOU KNOW? YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY ON SPEAKING TERMS.

AH, BUT YOU FORGET, GREGORY, WE WERE ALL MOLDED BY THE ONE MIND, AND AS **VOQUE ATTACK**'S PATH IS RUNNING PARALLEL TO THAT OF **BLOOD CHIG**'S, I KNOW WE WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT.



YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO MY DEAR. EVERYTHING IS QUID PRO QUO BETWEEN YOU AND ME... OUR RELATIONSHIP IS ONE OF TRUST AND RESPECT AND... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY OUR RHYTHMS ARE ON PAR.

BUT **BLOOD CHIG** ARE WHO I SAY THEY ARE. CONTRACTS ARE SIGNED, DEALS ARE DONE. REMEMBER, YOU BOTH CAME TO ME INDEPENDENTLY, OFFERING YOUR LIKENESSES FOR A LINE OF TOYS SO THAT YOU COULD FINANCE YOUR RESPECTIVE OPERATIONS.





THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN GIBBLE ABOUT.



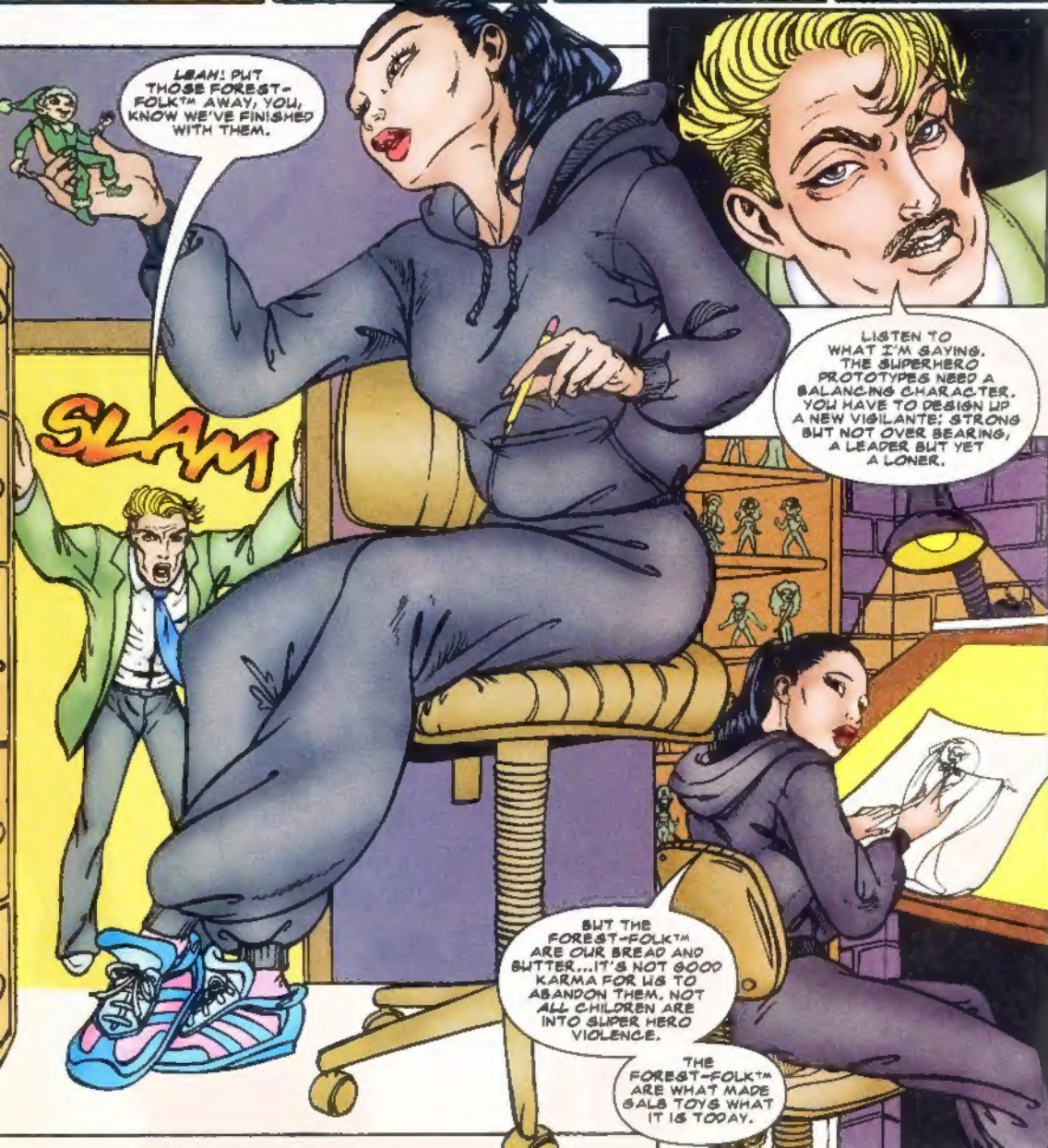
GOOD MORNING, MR BROCKMAN... ER, SIR.

MORNING, MR BROCKMAN... CAN I TALK TO YOU ABOUT THESE SALES FIGURES... NO... GOOD, OKAY, THANK YOU, MR BROCKMAN. GOOD TO TALK TO YOU, SIR.



Your floor selection is acknowledged. You will arrive at the basement level in exactly 12.5 seconds. Thank you for riding gals toys number 3 lift.

Have a nice day



LEAN! PUT THOSE FOREST-FOLK™ AWAY, YOU, KNOW WE'VE FINISHED WITH THEM.

SLAM

LISTEN TO WHAT I'M SAYING. THE SUPERHERO PROTOTYPES NEED A BALANCING CHARACTER. YOU HAVE TO DESIGN UP A NEW VIBRANTE: STRONG BUT NOT OVER BEARING, A LEADER BUT YET A LONER.

BUT THE FOREST-FOLK™ ARE OUR BREAD AND BUTTER...IT'S NOT GOOD KARMA FOR US TO ABANDON THEM. NOT ALL CHILDREN ARE INTO SUPER HERO VIOLENCE.

THE FOREST-FOLK™ ARE WHAT MADE GALS TOYS WHAT IT IS TODAY.



GET IT THROUGH YOUR THICK HEAD, FOREST GUM™ IS DEAD! THESE DESIGNS WENT OUT IN THE '80S. NOBODY'S INTERESTED IN THIS CRAP ANYMORE.



HOLLYWOOD'S AFTER SUPERHERO PROPERTIES, NOT GNOMES, FIRES, ELVES, AND GOBLINS.



THIS IS MY DEAL. YOU HAVE NO SAY IN THE MATTER, JUST BECAUSE YOU CAN DESIGN A FEW SIMPLE TOYS DOESN'T MEAN YOU'VE GOT TALENT.



NOW YOU SIT THERE, AND DON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM, NOT EVEN TO EE, UNTIL YOU DESIGN THE CHARACTER I WANT.

JUST REMEMBER IF IT WASN'T FOR MY ENTREPRENEURIAL SKILLS YOU WOULD STILL BE NOTHING...

...ON THE STREETS WITH
THE REST OF THIS CITY'S
VICTIMS.

HEY, MISSY,
GOT A QUARTER
FOR MY BUS-FAIR?
HEY....OH, SCREW
OFF THEN, YA
FRIGGIN' BITCH.

SPLASH

SPLASH

SNAP

...NO...

GEORGIE
PORIGIE PUDDIN'
AND PIE...

LEAVE
ME ALONE!

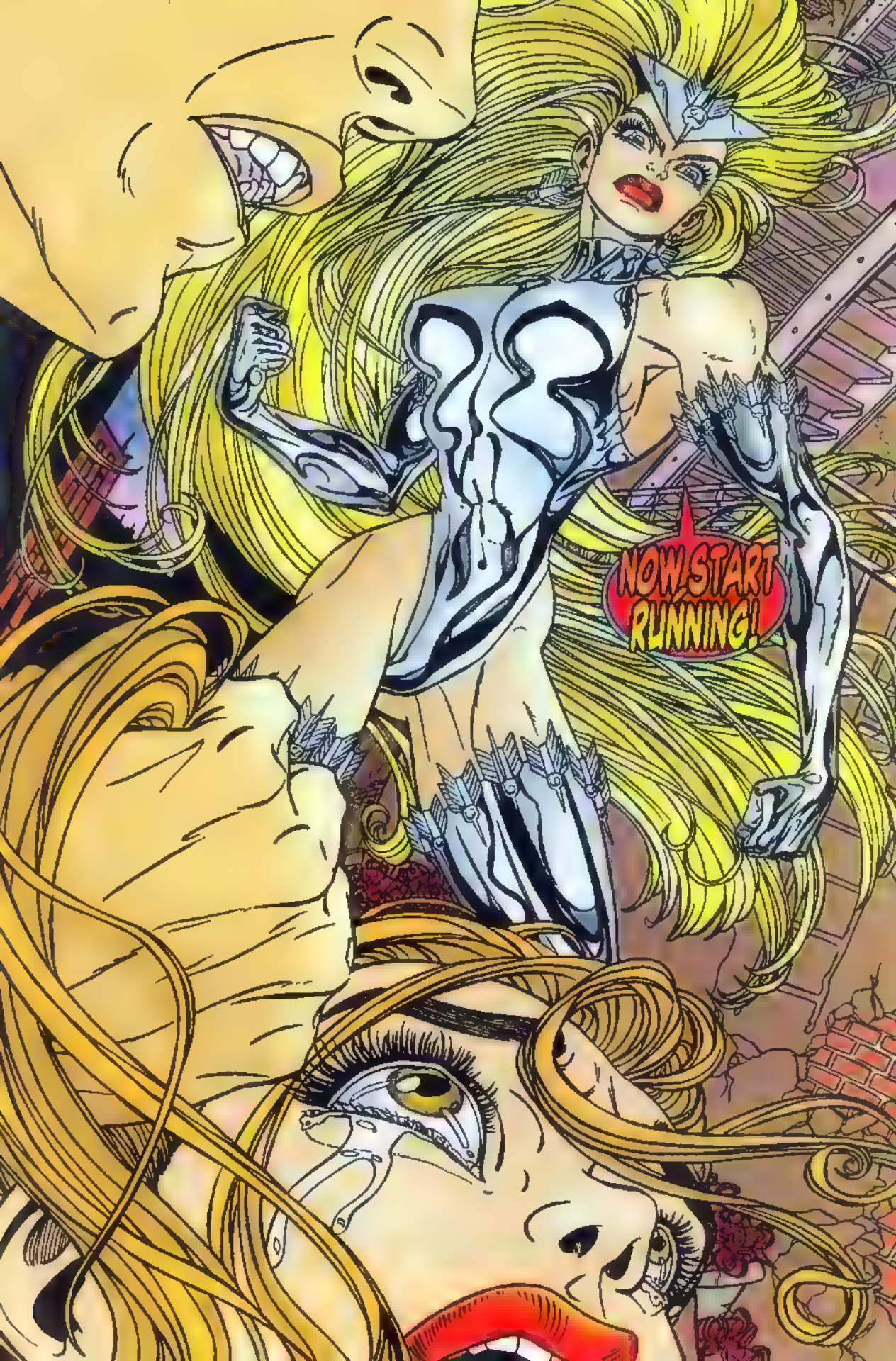
...KISSED
THE GIRLS AND
MADE THEM CRY,
HA HA...

...BUT
WHEN THE BOYS
CAME OUT TO
PLAY...

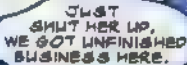
...GEORGIE
PORIGIE RAN
AWAY!

HEY, CHECK
OUT YA BOYFRIEND.
ALMOST PRETTY
ENOUGH TO
KISS.

WHAT?



NOW START
RUNNING!



...NOOO,
DADDEEEE!



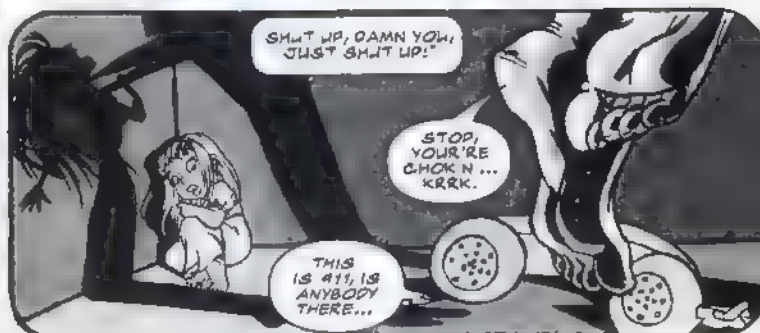
JUST LEAVE'ER ALONE,
SHE AIN'T DONE NOTH'N'.



SHUT UP, DAMN YOU,
JUST SHUT UP!"

STOP,
YOUR'RE
CHOK'N ...
KRRK.

THIS
IS 411, IS
ANYBODY
THERE...



...SNIFF...

LEAVE'ER...

HELLO!
411...



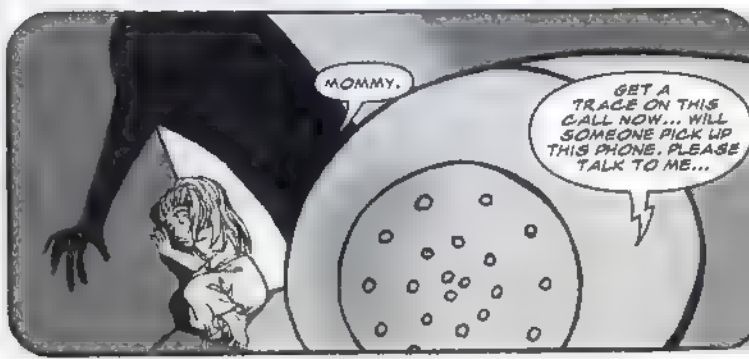
KRAKK!

COULD
SOMEONE PICK
UP... PICK UP.



MOMMY.

GET A
TRACE ON THIS
CALL NOW... WILL
SOMEONE PICK UP
THIS PHONE. PLEASE
TALK TO ME...





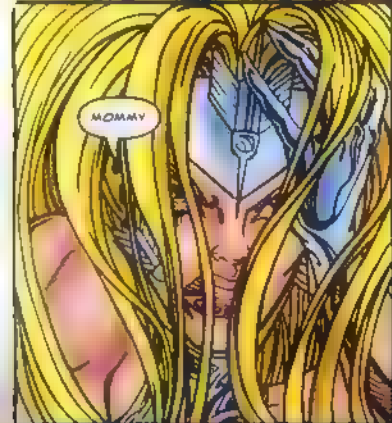
IT'S OKAY, HONEY, SOMEONE WILL BE ALONG FOR YOU IN A MINUTE.

CHRIST, IF THE KID ONLY SPOKE TO THE OPERATOR SOONER, MAYBE WE COULD'VE SAVED THE MOTHER.

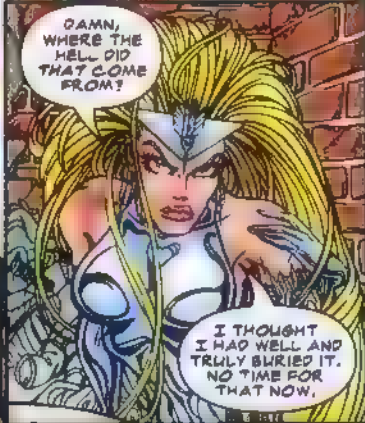
NO WAY, BUDDY, SHE WAS EATIN' CARPET LONG BEFORE WE GOT HERE.

C'MON, MAN. SHUT UP, THE KID'S STILL HERE.

SNIFF
SNIFF

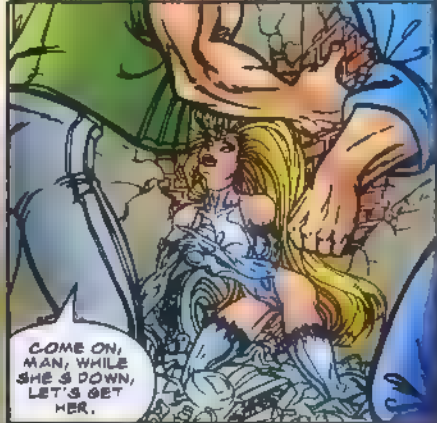


MOMMY

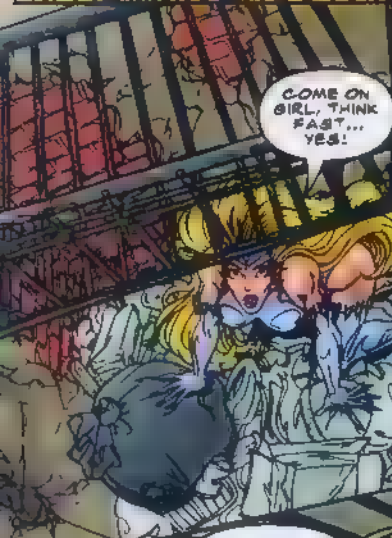


DAMN, WHERE THE HELL DID THAT COME FROM?

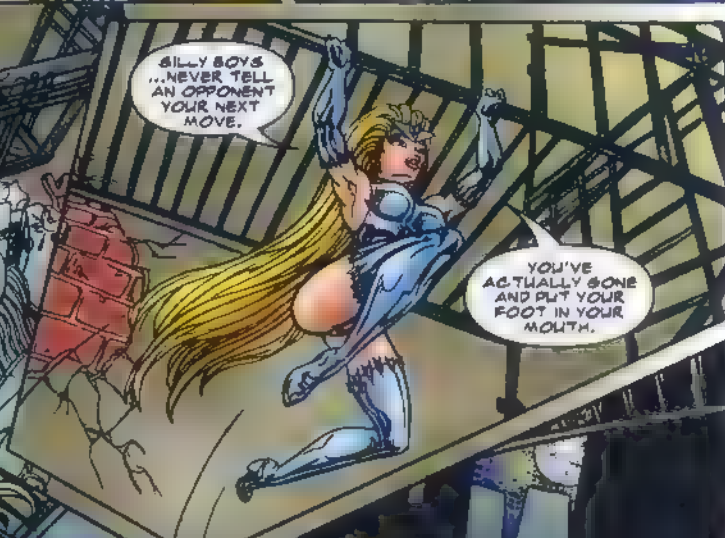
I THOUGHT I HAD WELL AND TRULY BURIED IT. NO TIME FOR THAT NOW.



COME ON, MAN, WHILE SHE'S DOWN, LET'S GET HER.

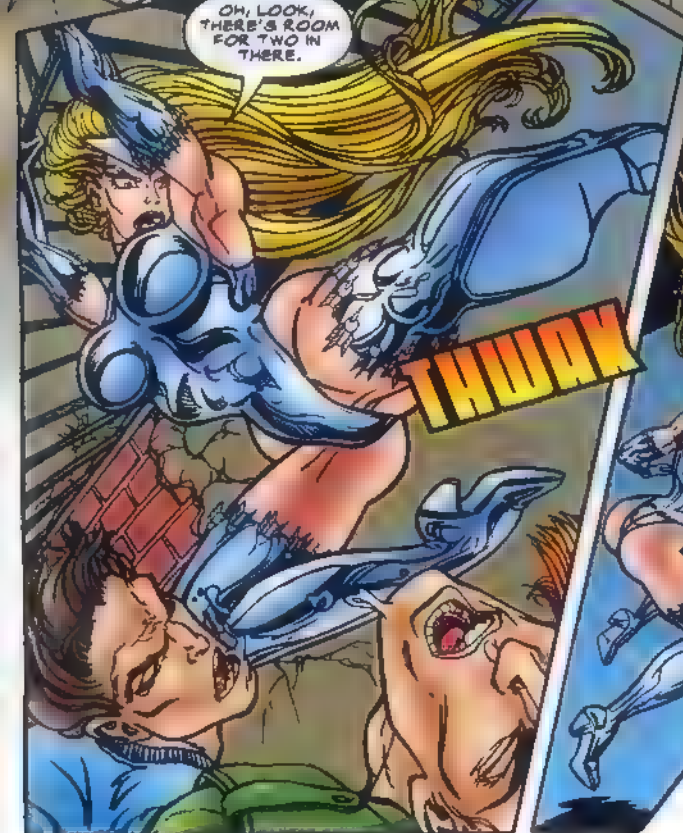


COME ON GIRL, THINK FAST... YES!



SILLY BOYS ...NEVER TELL AN OPPONENT YOUR NEXT MOVE.

YOU'VE ACTUALLY GONE AND PUT YOUR FOOT IN YOUR MOUTH.

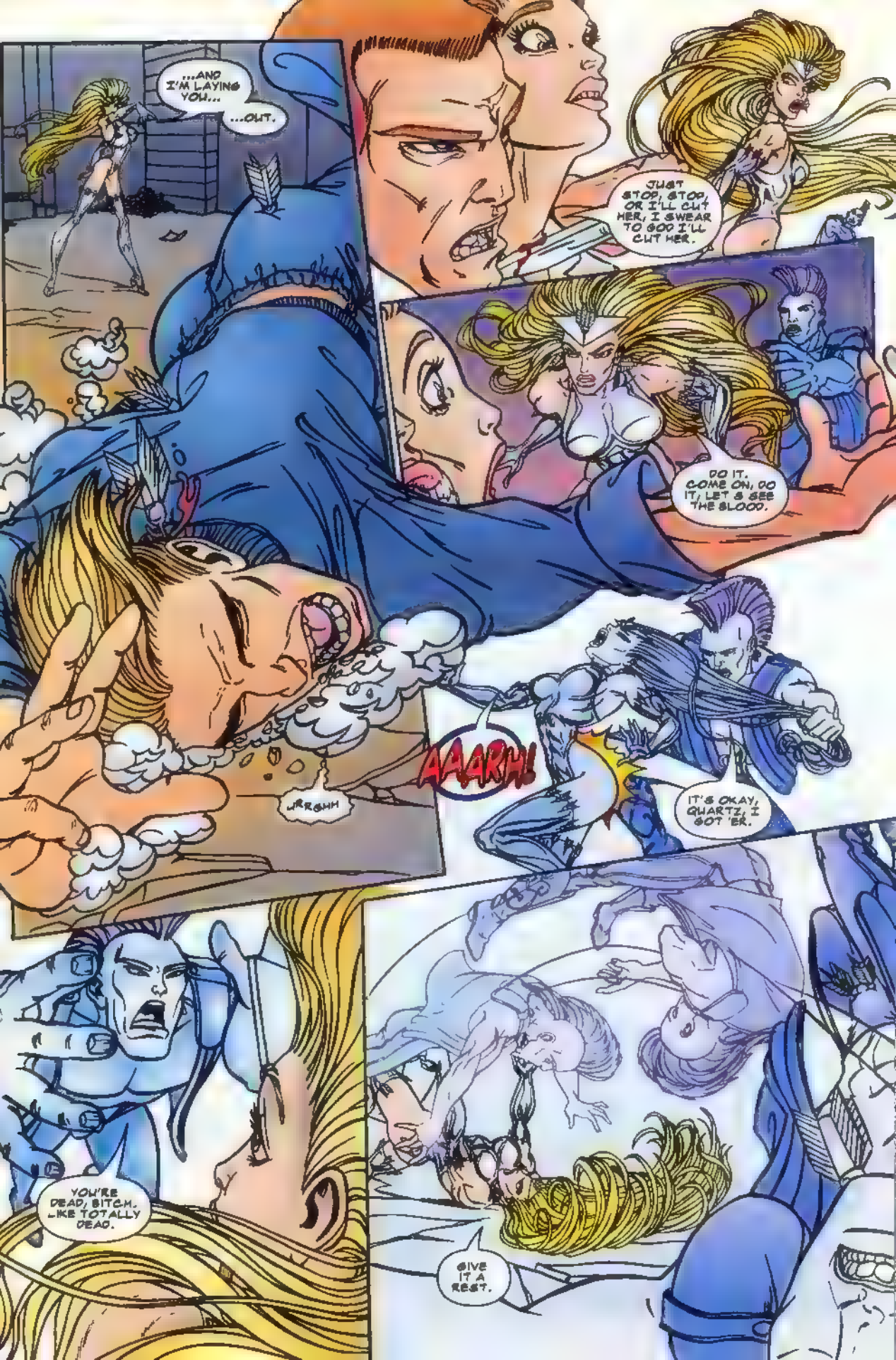


OH, LOOK, THERE'S ROOM FOR TWO IN THERE.



ISN'T THAT A TYPICAL MALE RESPONSE? HIT ON YOU, THEN RUN.

WELL, GET READY BABE - THIS IS THE '90S...



...AND
I'M LAYING
YOU...

...OUT.

JUST
STOP, STOP,
OR I'LL CUT
HER, I SWEAR
TO GOD I'LL
CUT HER.

DO IT,
COME ON, DO
IT, LET'S SEE
THE BLOOD.

AAARRH!

URGH

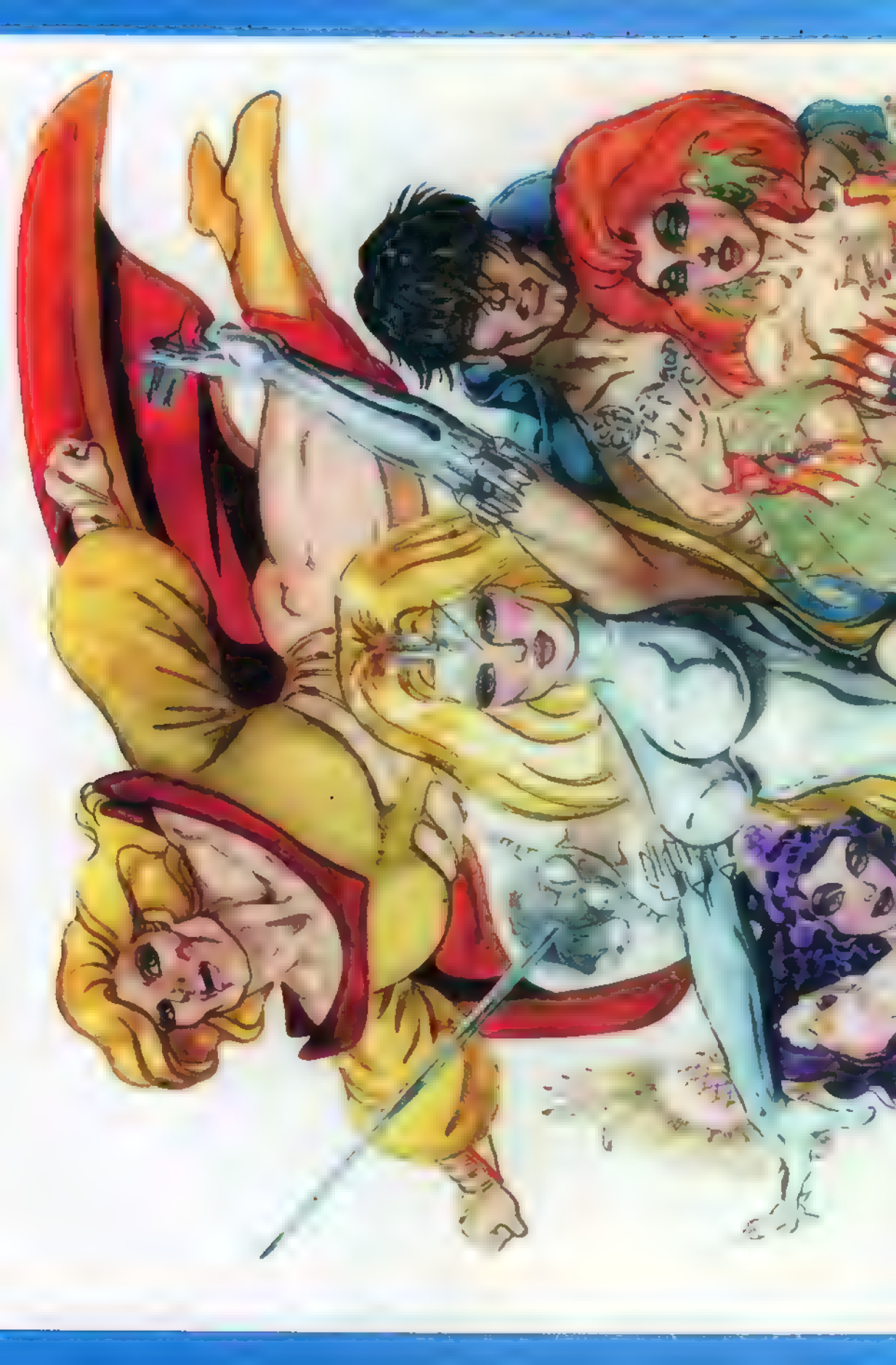
IT'S OKAY,
QUARTZ, I
GOT 'ER.

YOU'RE
DEAD, BITCH.
LIKE TOTALLY
DEAD.

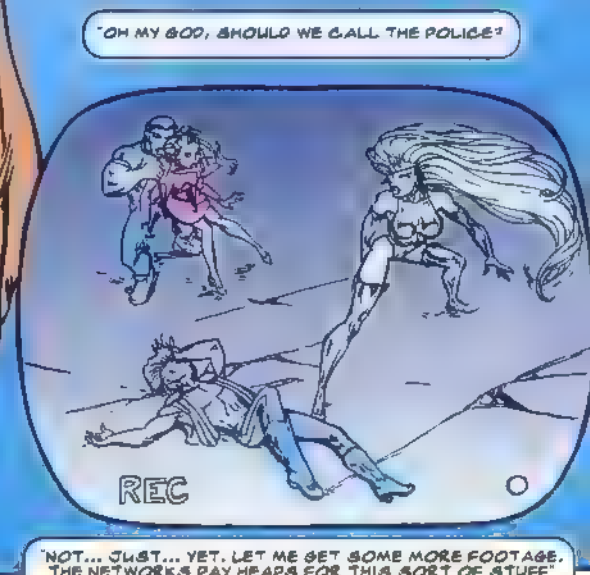
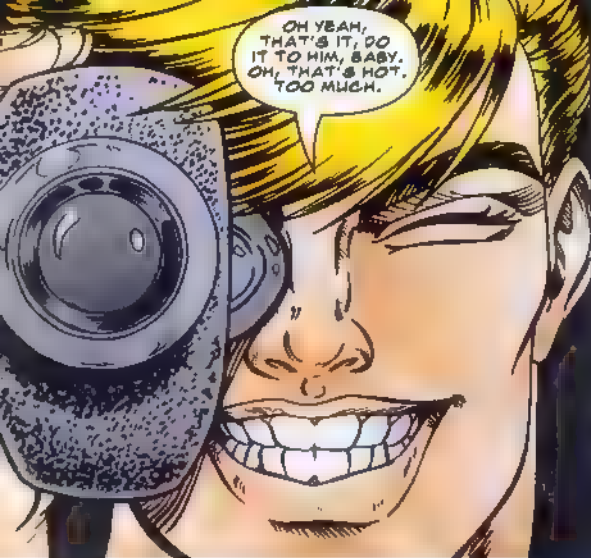
GIVE
IT A
REST.



Pin-up
by
Colleen
Doran









JUST PASSING THROUGH, THOUGHT I'D DROP IN...

IT WOULD APPEAR I HAVE ARRIVED JUST IN THE NICK-O-TIME. UNHAND HER, YOU VILLAINOUS SCOUNDREL OR BE PREPARED TO HAVE YOUR ASS KICKED.

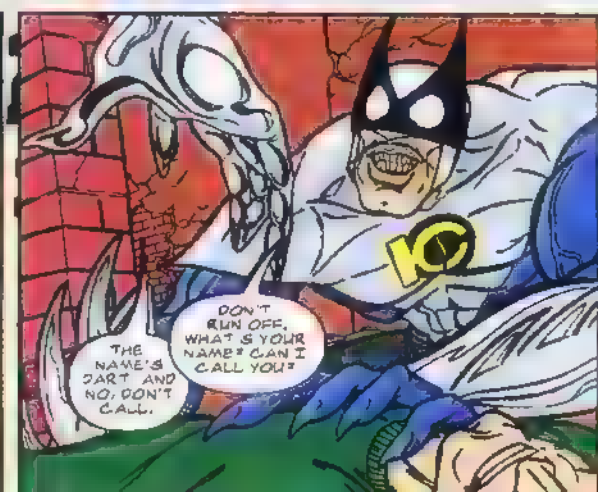
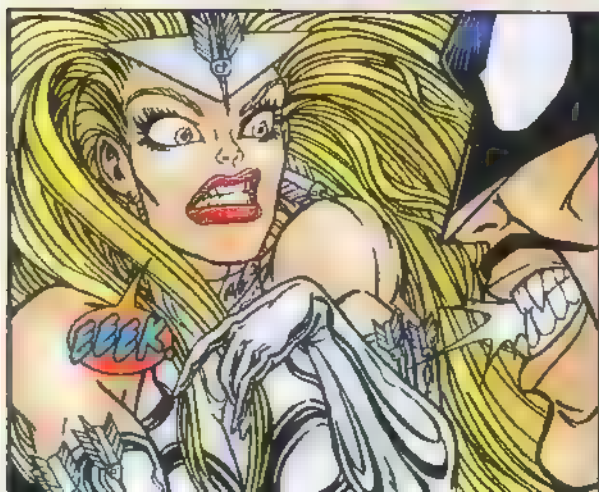
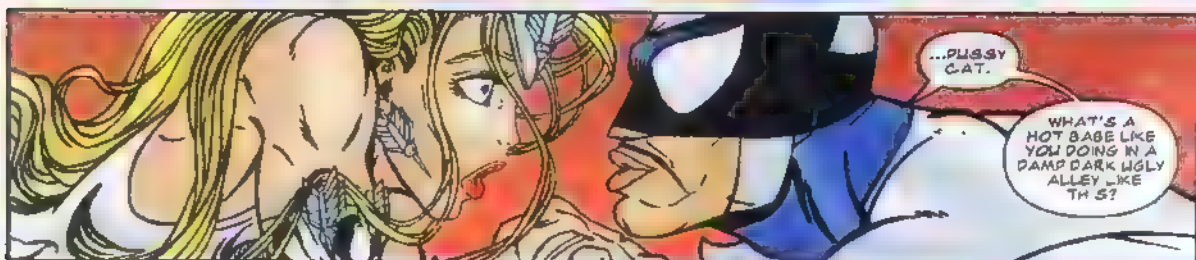
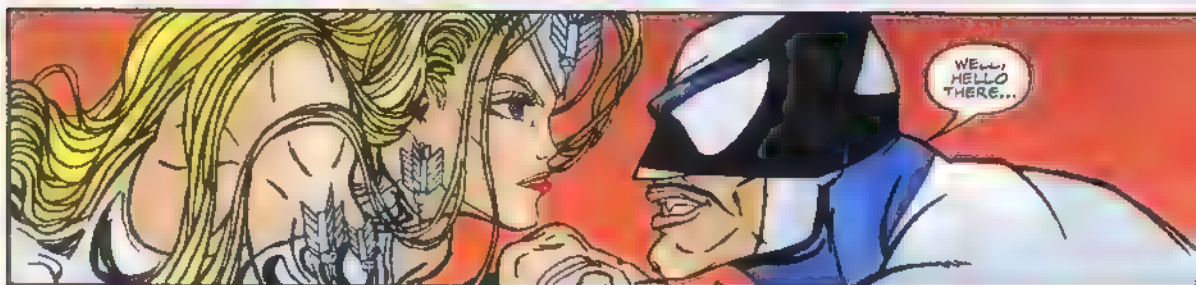
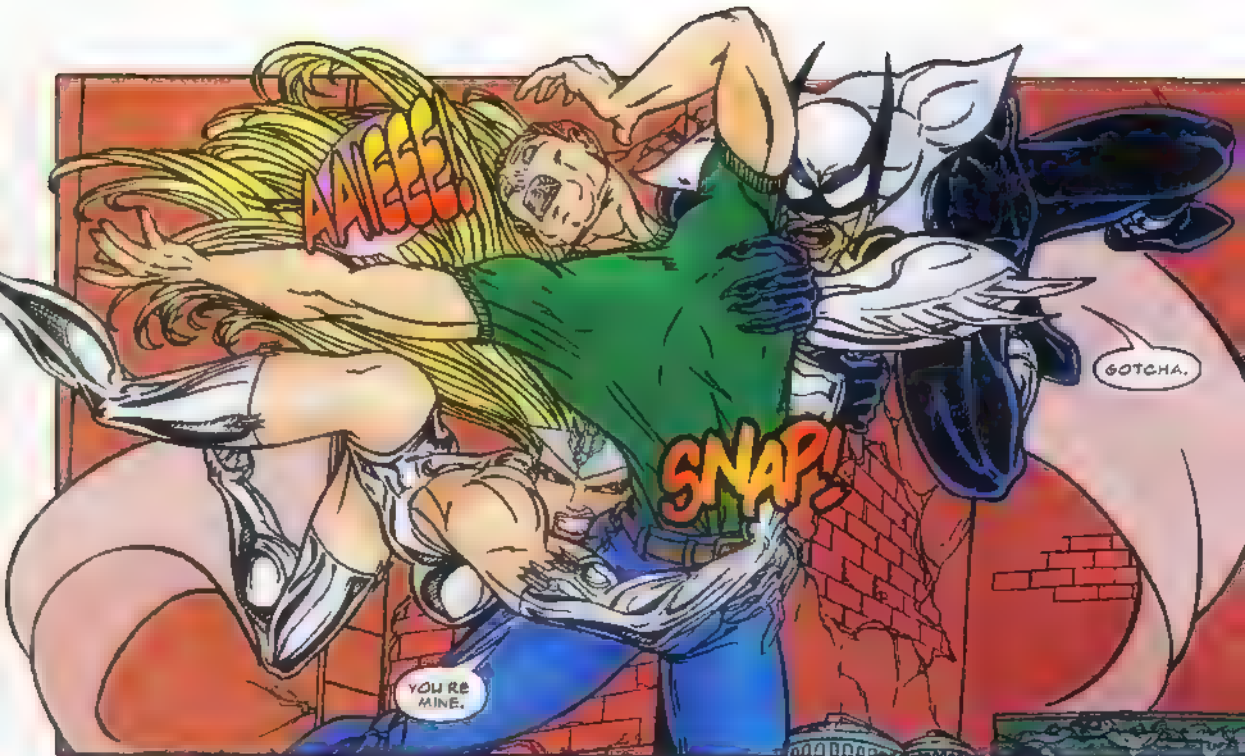


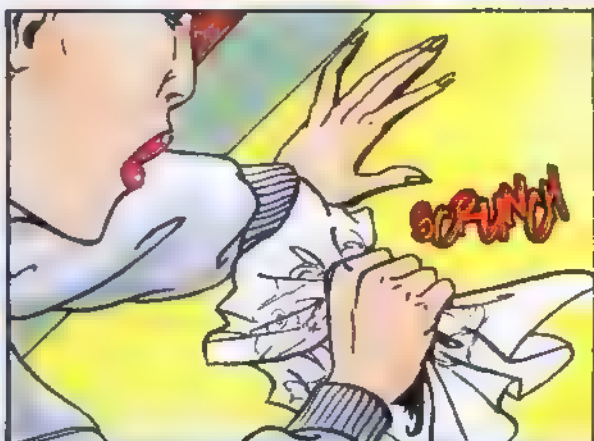
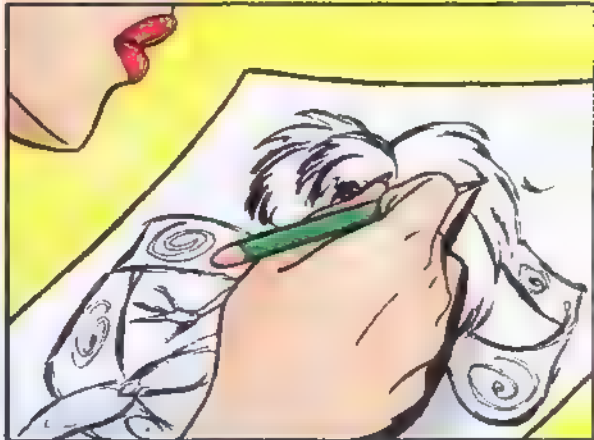
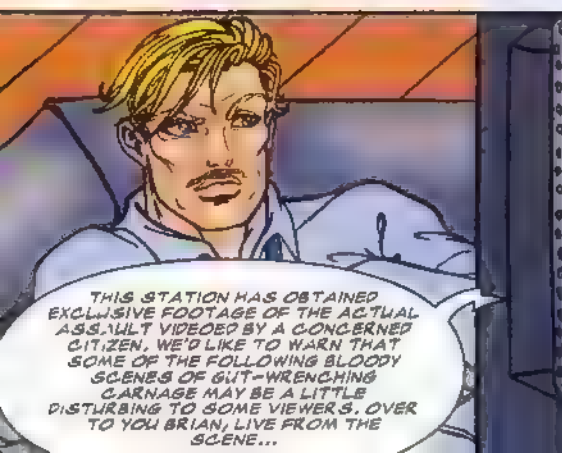
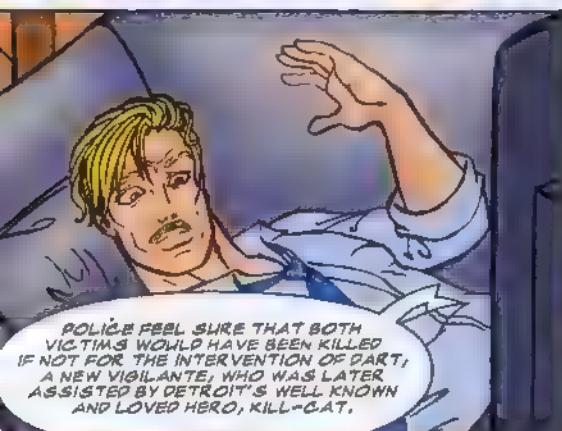
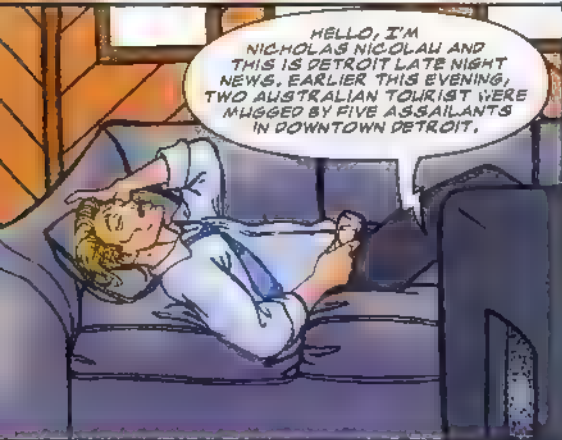
WHAT THE...?

KILL-CAT! I'M OUTTA HERE.

NO, YOU DON'T.

NOT SO FAST, BUDDY BOY.

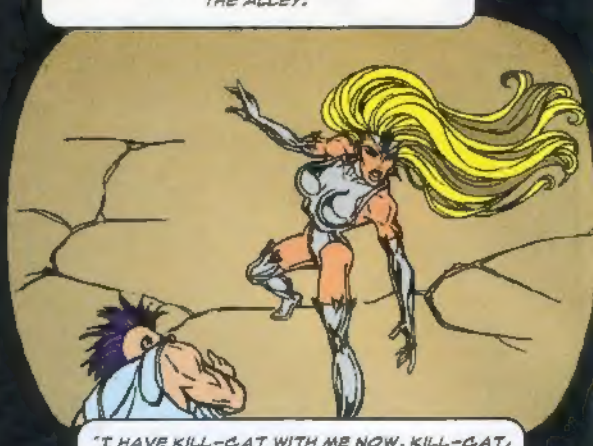




"YES, THANK YOU NICHOLAS. WHAT YOU ARE SEEING IS ACTUAL FOOTAGE SHOT ONLY A SHORT TIME AGO..."



"AS YOU CAN SEE IT'S A SCENE OF WANTON DESTRUCTION PUNCTURE WOUNDS, LITTER THE ALLEY."



"I HAVE KILL-CAT WITH ME NOW, KILL-CAT, CAN YOU TELL US EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED?"

"BABY, WE COULD BE THE HOTTEST TEAM DETROIT'S EVER SEEN."



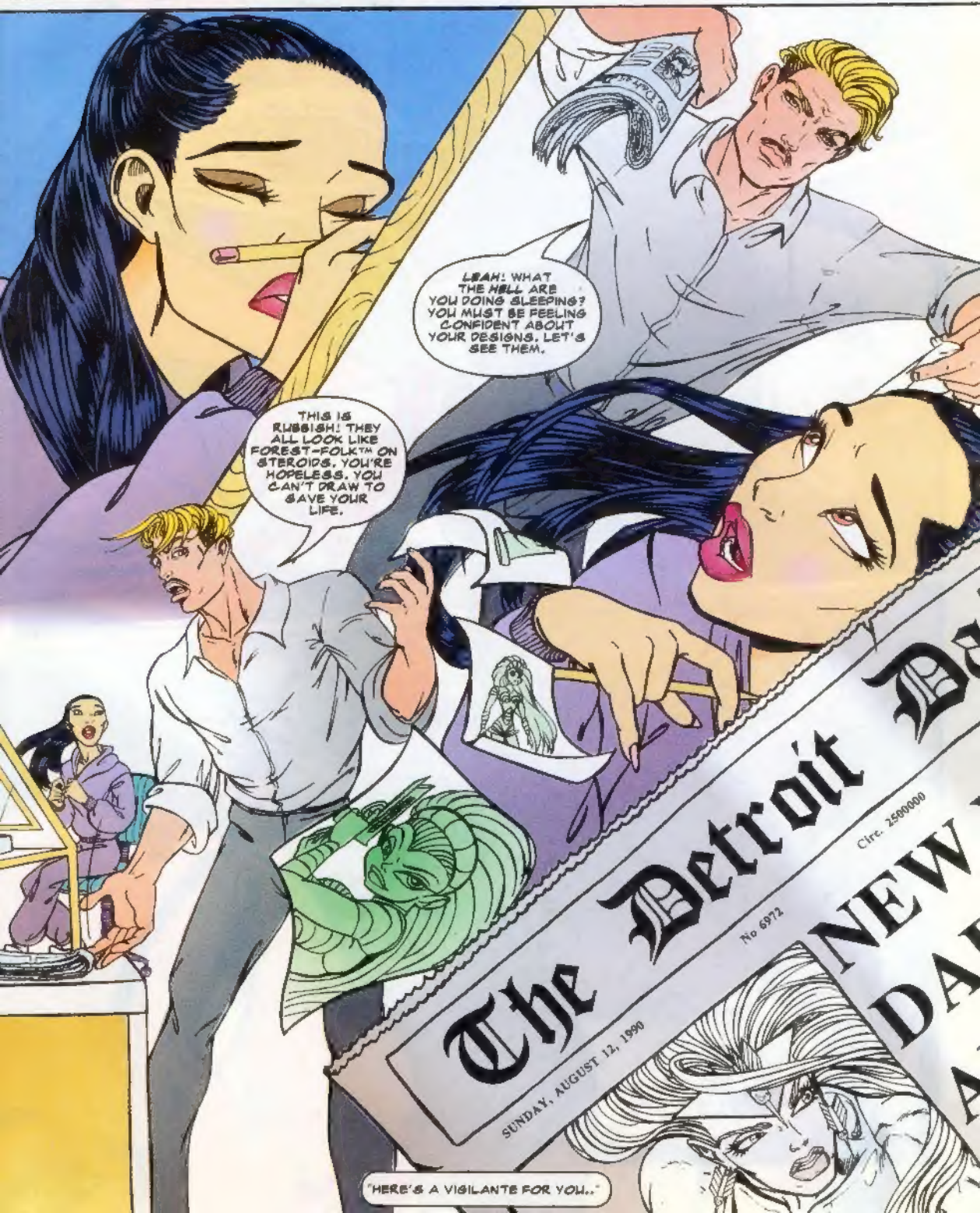
SURE THING, BRIZIE. IT WAS AWESOME. THIS YOUNG LADY WAS A FORCE OF NATURE, POETRY IN MOTION. DART, IF YOU'RE WATCHING THIS REPORT, CALL ME, I'M IN THE BOOK UNDER KILL-CAT.



MMMM...
DART.

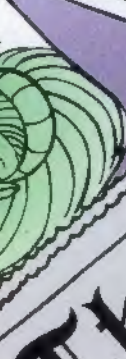


MORNING... IN A CITY
THAT DOESN'T CARE.



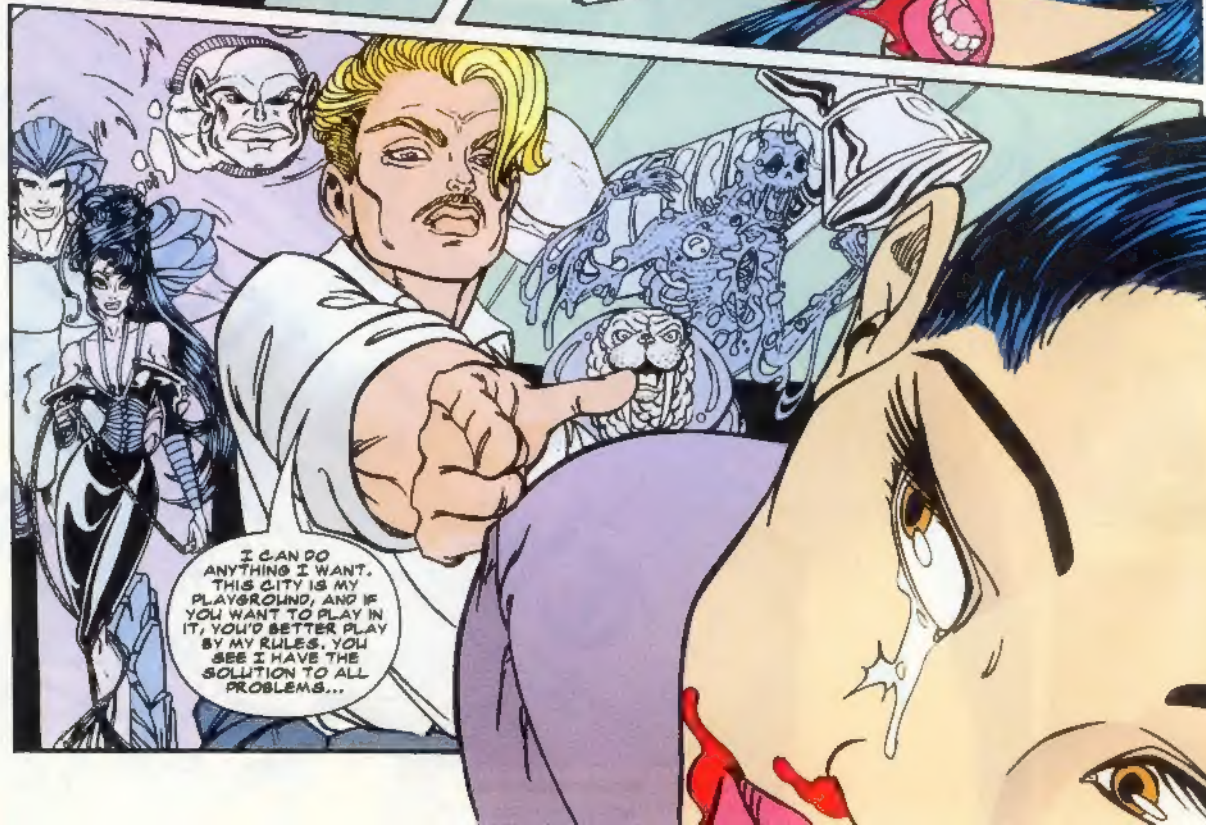
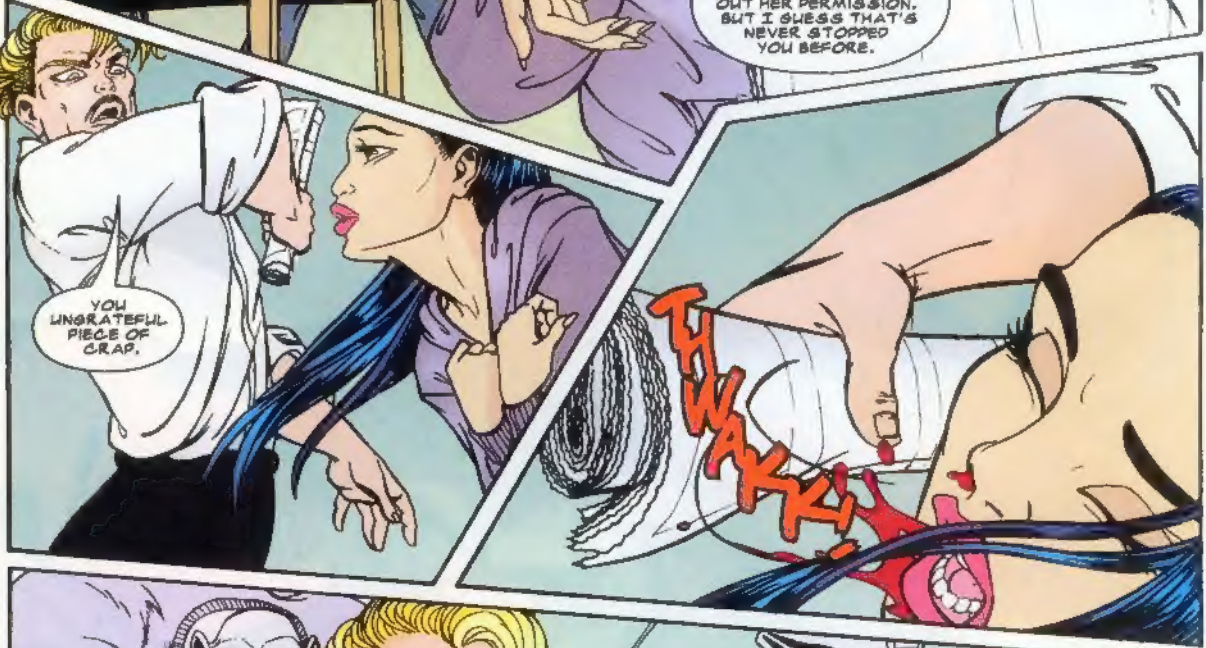
LEAH! WHAT
THE HELL ARE
YOU DOING SLEEPING?
YOU MUST BE FEELING
CONFIDENT ABOUT
YOUR DESIGNS. LET'S
SEE THEM.

THIS IS
RUSSISH! THEY
ALL LOOK LIKE
FOREST-FOLK™ ON
STEROIDS. YOU'RE
HOPELESS. YOU
CAN'T DRAW TO
SAVE YOUR
LIFE.



The Detroit
NEW DAY
SUNDAY, AUGUST 12, 1990
No 6972
Circ. 2500000

HERE'S A VIGILANTE FOR YOU..





...AND THEY'RE CALLED
**VOGUE
ATTACK!**